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By TOM SAYLORD.
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association.

"What in this report, Meriam,
you and Mr. Abercrombie?"
"It is that we are to be married
it is true."
"And yet people say that after
passing forty he will invariably
be a woman from fifty to twenty
younger than himself."
"There are cases where men
forty marry women who have
is their youth."
"And yours is such a romance!"

"It is more than a romance—I remember case."

"Do tell me," I am dying to hear.

"I met him last twenty-four years ago," said my father. "At that time was agriculture in Scotland had made a great deal of money and was very ambitious for us and me that, whether or no I was wealthy, I must marry a polished lady." My father had little opportunity to come redneer to his youth, and he always cared what they have heard. One day when I was out back riding my pony ran away from me. A farmer's boy came galloping after me and, catching my rein,

[illegible]

"Some one came on to us, to be and snatched beneath my wings preysed through the air and I told father. He had gone out on my knowing it. He called to coachman and stationed him by the window, then came into the room."

"I am ruined!" I cried, sitting my lower. "Father must have seen the coachman's wings."

"Useless! Alas!" remained the coachman. Presently he said to a few words:

"Use me your watch."

"I took it from my belt and hid it to him."

"Go to bed," he said, "and pretend he asleep."

"He opened the door softly and went. In a few minutes I had taken my clothes and was in bed. I had a connection downstairs, and glad to see I came to my door. A servant, as he supposed, and told me a thief had been caught in the room with my watch on him."

"Then I saw it all. George had relieved himself to save me from trouble with my own family. It was easy. I begged father not to raise the thief. But he had already

"I disclaimed myself, went to the jail and saw him and proposed to confess the whole affair. He said my reputation would be lost and that would be the end of my career. He said I should then take a trip in the penitentiary with him. I should have had the chance to confess without his consent. Instead, I was put in jail and my reputation was lost. I was not even permitted to see him out."

"I married, father failed, my hand became an invalid, and I am a nobody. Is there some courage in this? Is there some nobility in my strangled stenography and my position. The stiffening of my spine on my duties, I was called to the office of the head of the firm to take dictation of the day's slip looked at me curiously and asked some questions about my age."

"Six months after this my husband died. I had been getting reminders from time to time from an aunt who asked whose identity I could not shake. I could never get my mind off the death these reminders gave me. I wondered if George had perceived I found me out and helped me with making himself known.

"A year after my husband's death I had the dream for which I told me that he was my husband. Shocked, surprised, I asked him to excuse me had for serving me. He asked me if I remembered him. I said, I started, turned pale as white. Then he told me that he was Abraham Lincoln.

"We are to be married in Octo-

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